

# Alice Roosevelt, from Cradle Up, Was Everybody's Pet



14  
YEARS  
OF AGE  
Photo by  
Clarendon  
Week D.C.



ALICE ROOSEVELT, ONE  
YEAR OLD



MISS  
ROOSEVELT  
A YEAR  
AGO  
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MISS  
ROOSEVELT  
at 16  
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MISS  
ROOSEVELT  
Photo taken  
SEPTEMBER 1900

## Romantic Story

—OF THE—

## Wooing of Alice Roosevelt:

FOUR winters ago a slight young girl in white mousseline stood in the blue room of the White House, beside the first citizen in the land and laid siege with her laughing blue eyes and her mouth of roguish smiles to the nation's affection. Fresh as a woodland dew was she and gracefully simple, yet patrician withal to the very tip of her saucy, retreousse nose.

Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, son of the wealthiest house in the Ohio Valley, a lawyer, a clubman and social leader, who had served his State for two terms in both branches of her Legislature, was in Washington on Jan. 1, 1902, when Theodore Roosevelt held his first public levee as President of the United States. He was one of a delegation of prominent Ohioans. He met the President and he met the President's daughter in the White House before the doors of the Executive Mansion were thrown open for the public reception. He met her again in the Blue Room, surrounded by the beauty and fashion of most of the civilized nations which foregather in Washington on such occasions, but it was a dainty figure, clad simply in white mousseline, that filled the young Ohioan's gaze. The laughing blue eyes and the saucy little nose of this maid lured him on. Never had "Nick" Longworth seen anywhere a vision like this.

Alice Lee Roosevelt was not unused to an official atmosphere. Had she not lived in Albany when her father was Governor, and had not she, a dainty slip of girlhood barely sixteen, danced at the Assembly Ball the year her father was inaugurated? And had not she met ever so many statesmen and folk of great affairs? "Nick" Longworth learned from her that the men who counted highest in her regard were such men as these—men of government. He had many occasions to learn this in those January days he lingered in Washington. He came to know, too, that this maid could ride like an Arab and be as much at ease in the outdoor world, where games lie, as she had been in her simple gown of white in the Blue Room.

When Mr. Nicholas Longworth finally decided that he must get back to his affairs in Cincinnati, one purpose obsessed him—he would become a Representative of his State in Congress; a factor in national interests. As the story of that time runs, the first opportunity that presented itself found "Nick" Longworth closeted with George Cox, the then Republican boss of Hamilton County. It had been Cox who had sent Longworth to the Ohio Legislature. He sent him to Congress.

But from that New Year's day to the election was nearly a year, and "Nick" Longworth proved no laggard in his wooing of the daughter of the

### How Sulu's Sultan Proposed Marriage to Miss Roosevelt.

ONE of the most amusing incidents of Miss Roosevelt's trip with the Taft party was the proposal of marriage she received from the Sultan of Sulu.

It appears that he made the proposal in order to outdo a rival who has aspirations to the throne.

When Miss Roosevelt was received at the Sulu court the Sultan presented her with some silks and cheap trinkets. Up stepped his rival, Jokanin, with a large and beautiful pearl of immeasurably more value than the gifts of the sovereign.

There was great commotion at this, but the Sultan was game. Drawing from his finger a set pearl, oddly out he tendered it to the President's daughter with his offer of his heart. Jokanin, outgeneraled and abashed, slunk away. And Alice Roosevelt smiled.

girl of the White House saw a side of her character that surprised them.

"Now, Mr. Taft," she said, "perhaps things are a little awry at Canton. There is no American warship there? No? Well, if we could get just the slightest kind of an American gunboat we could go over on that, and I think it would make a very good impression upon the Cantonese."

That was wisdom, and Secretary Taft evidently considered it in that wise. Miss Roosevelt and her friends went to Canton—went on an American gunboat. The Cantonese proved themselves to be wise also, for they were "just as lovely as they could possibly be" to the American visitors.

The art of this distinguished young woman in the matter of dressing has developed since the day she wore the white mousseline gown at her father's first public levee. Her style is quiet, and she has learned what so few women never discover—what is becoming and what is not. She knows how well she looks in a slaty shade of blue, and this is her favorite color. It is the color that has come to be known as "Alice blue."

### Where Auntie Succeeded in Having Her Own Way Just This Once.

There was a time, however, when Mrs. Cowles knew what was more becoming to her niece than that young woman did herself, and it goes to show how important a matter what one wears is in one's life. It's a story about the white mousseline dress.

No genuine girl could have looked forward with greater eagerness to the part she was to play in the Blue Room of the White House on New Year's Day, 1902, than did Alice Roosevelt. Of course, what she was to wear was her principal thought. Her plans were big for the occasion, and she could think of nothing finer than to make her debut in a heavy white brocade satin that had been her mother's. She would have worn her mother's diamonds, too. Just in time Mrs. Cowles appeared upon the scene, and with misgivings heard her niece's plans. She protested at once. "Oh, Alice, dear, such a gown would never do for a young woman's debut," Mrs. Cowles told her. "Really, can't you see how old it would make you look, and so heavy, too, with all those diamonds?"

"Now, Auntie, you don't know just how lovely I will look, and"—here the Rooseveltian will came to the fore—"and I'm going to wear just the gown I have described."

Mrs. Cowles, being a Roosevelt too, but more diplomatic than her brother, didn't say "Alice, you will not!" but she told her niece that even the princesses of England when they made their debut had never worn anything richer than a simple gown of white swiss. Queen Victoria had never permitted her daughters to have their own way in this respect. Mrs. Cowles added that the whole world of fashion approved Victoria's artistic sense and considered her not only a wise queen, but a very wise mother.

Alice promised to think of all this, and of course we all know now that Mrs. Cowles's counsel prevailed.

### Only Time that Miss Roosevelt Is Known to Have Changed Her Mind

But there is scarcely another instance recorded where the high-spirited young woman is known to have changed her determination on any matter on which she had already formed an opinion.

It was a great victory for "Auntie" Cowles, who prided herself upon it for many a long day.

Impetuous Alice Roosevelt has always been adventurous, too, but these elements have only contributed to the loveliness to which all who have come within the sphere of her acquaintance have surrendered. With all the success that has been hers socially, with all the distinction that has come to her, those who know her intimately say that her young head has not been turned. This has been the impression made upon those who have met her only casually, and notably newspaper men, who can scent a bit of snobishness or superiority a mile away. The reporters who have talked with the White House daughter in the course of their work sum up their opinion of her in "An amiable, well-bred American girl, who hasn't any time for airs."

The Episcopal Church has been Alice Roosevelt's, as it was her mother's and her mother's people, although her father is a member of the Dutch Reformed. St. John's in Washington has known her as a communicant since the family moved there, and it will be St. John's rector, the Rev. Roland Cotton Smith, who assists Bishop Satterlee to-day in the wedding ceremony.



ALICE ROOSEVELT as she looked when she was a year of age

made that Roosevelt was a world power: that the United States had come to be such a factor in international affairs that only a short while would see her a menace to the world's peace. "Therefore would it not be a good thing for one of the European houses to win Miss Roosevelt and thereby secure the friendship of the United States lastingly?" Amusing as all this was, there were not a few quarters in which the Feminina's suggestion was taken seriously. Never, however, it would seem, by Mr. Longworth, according to what Archie Roosevelt told the school teacher.

Miss Roosevelt herself was not the kind that sighed for titles. Many a title in the diplomatic corps, it is said, offered itself at her feet during the past four years only to get the glove, without any more words about it than met the Sultan of Sulu's offer to make her Sultana of the Sulu Islands.

Like father, like son, is a saying as old as the hills, but should be in this instance like sire, like daughter, for the eldest child of the President has been as he himself has always been, independent. What she would do she does.

### Rebelling at Church on a Day When All Nature Was a Smiling

There was that little Philadelphia excursion only a year ago: Miss Alice and her stepmother were in the Quaker City and Mrs. Roosevelt would go to church because it was a Sunday and listen to a sermon. Did Miss Alice go? Not a bit of it! The day was fair, all nature was glad, and the President's daughter went a coaching, tooling the four-in-hand of her host with all the grace of the good whip that she is. When the coaching was done somebody suggested that it would be a fine thing to take a water trip. There was no steam yacht with fancy brass finishings, nor a speedy launch at hand—only one of the city's fireboats, an ordinary every-day tug, and away on it went Miss Roosevelt as gay as the gayest of her party.

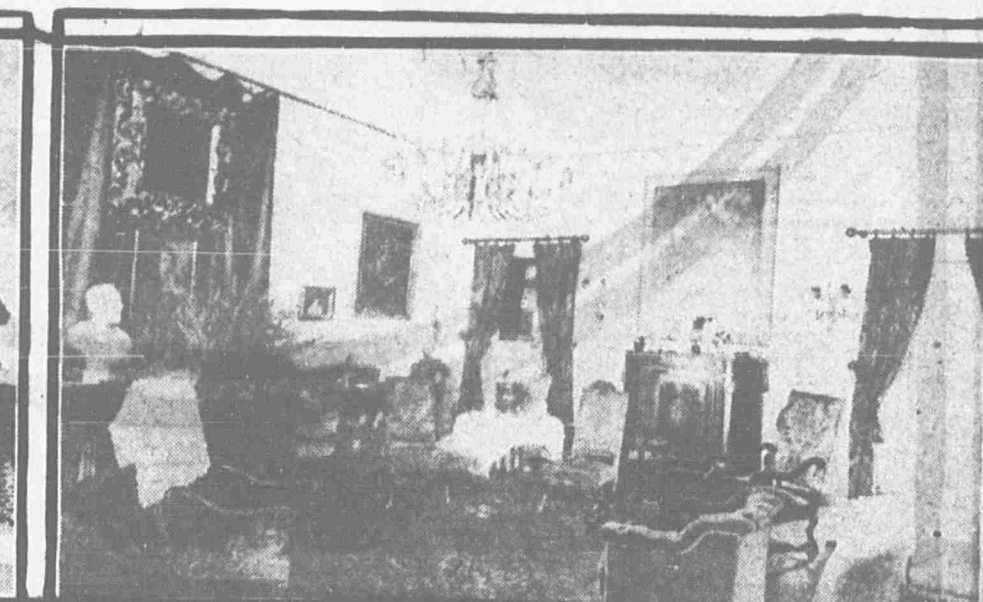
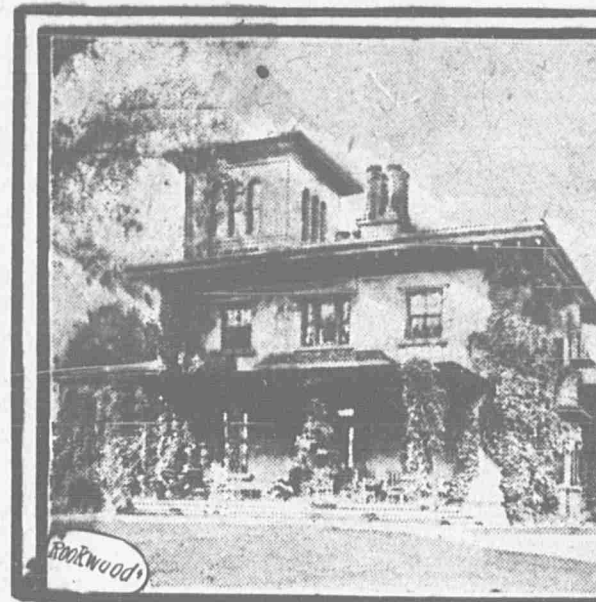
It was not long after this incident that, tiring of the joys of coaching, the future Mrs. Longworth swore her loyalty to automobiling. Her father, it is said, objected to her taking up this sport of imminent risks. Simultaneously with the report of the President's disapprobation of autoing for his daughter Miss Roosevelt appeared in the streets of Washington and in the suburbs of the capital at the wheel of a big machine, into whose mysteries of handling and mechanism an expert chauffeur was directing her initiation. In a little while the chauffeur was a forgotten personage, and for a long time Miss Roosevelt has had the ability to run the biggest and most complicated motor car. She has proved this on more than one occasion, but particularly in a race along the road that stretches between the Benning race course and the capital. To avoid a collision she hurled the machine over a ditch under the impetus of a sixty or seventy horse-power engine.

A devotee of the sport of kings, Miss Roosevelt has never thought of using a mount which would satisfy most women. Her father purchased for her a year ago the famous Kentucky mare Jessilyn, and the thoroughbred's young mistress has had to show her heels to challengers in many a daring run.

### Her Determination Won Over Taft, the Man of Iron Will, in Far-Off China.

That Mrs. Longworth has a will of her own the Ohio Congressman had occasion to learn when the Taft party reached Hongkong. The Chinese boycott against American manufactures had taken a vicious turn in Canton. Rioting had become the order of the day, and it was feared that the American colony there would be besieged. Miss Roosevelt had heard that the metropolis of Southern China was a most interesting place, and she determined to see it. Secretary Taft and others tried to persuade the young woman that she would better not go to Canton, but the Roosevelt determination swept away the opposition. Those who thought they knew this

## Glimpses at "Rookwood," Which Is to Be the Future Home of Alice Roosevelt.



The Reception Room



The Dining Room

### How Miss Roosevelt Won the Admiration of a Western Father.

ONE day Mr. Longworth had Miss Roosevelt for his guest of honor at a luncheon party in the House restaurant and naturally the table at which they sat was the object of much attention.

Toward the end of the meal Miss Roosevelt was seen to lean over and whisper to the Ohioan. She was most earnest in what she said.

"Why certainly, you may have it," Mr. Longworth was heard to exclaim, as he turned and beckoned a waiter.

There was a whispered instruction to the serving man, who hurried off and returned a moment later, carrying a large and noble cut of pumpkin pie, which he set before the President's daughter.

"Well, there's no airs about her, an' that's shore," said the father of a Congressman from the West.